Enter Clifford,

Rut. O Tutor, looke where bloody *Clifford* comes.

Clif. Chaplaine away, thy Prieſthood ſaues thy life,
As for the brat of that accurſed Duke,
Whoſe father ſlew my father, he ſhall dye.

Tutor. Oh Clifford, ſpare this tender Lord, leaſt
Heauen reuenge it on thy head: oh ſaue his life.

Cliff. Soldiors away, and drag him hence perforce:
Away with the villaine. *Exit Chaplaine.*
How now, what dead already? or is it feare that
Makes him cloſe his eyes? Ile open them.

Rut. So lookes the pent vp Lion on the Lambe,
And ſo he walkes inſulting ore his prey,
And ſo he turnes againe to rend his limbes in ſunder,
Oh Clifford, kill me with thy ſword, and
Not with ſuch a cruell threatning looke,
I am too meane a ſubiect for thy wrath,
Be thou reuendge on men, and let me liue.

Clif. In vaine thou ſpeakeſt poore boy: my fathers
Blood hath ſtopt the paſſage where thy words ſhould enter.

Rut. Then let my fathers blood ope it againe, he is a
Man, and Clifford cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren heere, their liues and thine
Were not reuenge ſufficient for me.
Or ſhould I dig vp thy fore-fathers graues,
And hang their rotten Coffins vp in chaines,
It could not ſlake mine ire, nor eaſe my heart,
The ſight of any of the houſe of *Yorke*,
Is as a fury to torment my ſoule,
Therefore till I roote out that curſed line,
And leaue not one on earth, Ile liue in hell therefore.

Rut. Oh let me pray, before I take my death.
To thee I pray: Sweet Clifford pitty me.

Clif. I, ſuch pitty as my rapiers point affords.

Rut. I neuer did thee hurt, wherefore wilt thou kill me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut.

Rut. But t'was ere I was borne.
Thou haſt one ſonne, for his ſake pitty me,
Leaſt in reuenge thereof, ſith God is iuſt,
He be as miſerably ſlaine as I.
Oh, let me liue in priſon all my daies,
and when I giue occaſion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou haſt no cauſe.

Clif. No cauſe? Thy father ſlew my father, therefo
Plantagenet, I come *Plantagenet*,
And this thy ſonnes blood cleauing to my blade,
Shall ruſt vpon my weapon, till thy blood
Congeald with his, do make me wipe off both.

Alarmes, enter the Duke of Yorke ſolus.

Yorke. Ah *Yorke*, poſte to thy Caſtle, ſaue thy life,
The goale is loſt, thou houſe of Lancaſter,
Thrice happy chance is it for thee and thine,
That heauen abridgde my daies, and cals me hence,
But God knowes what chance hath betide my ſonne
But this I know, they haue demeand themſelues,
Like men borne to renowe by life or death:
Three times this day came *Richard* to my ſight,
and cried courage, Father: victory or death.
and twice ſo oft came *Edward* to my view,
With purple Faulchion painted to the hilts,
In bloud of thoſe whom he had ſlaughtered.
Oh harke, I heare the drums. No way to flie?
No way to ſaue my life? and heere I ſtay:
And heere my life muſt end.

Enter the Queene, Clifford, Northumberland and Soldiours.

Come bloudy *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchleſſe fury to more bloud:
This is the But, and this abides your ſhot.

Northum. Yeeld to our mercies, proud *Plantagenet*

Clif. I, to ſuch mercy as his ruthfull arme